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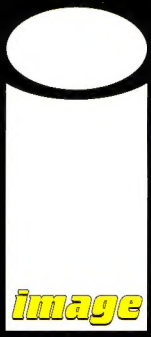

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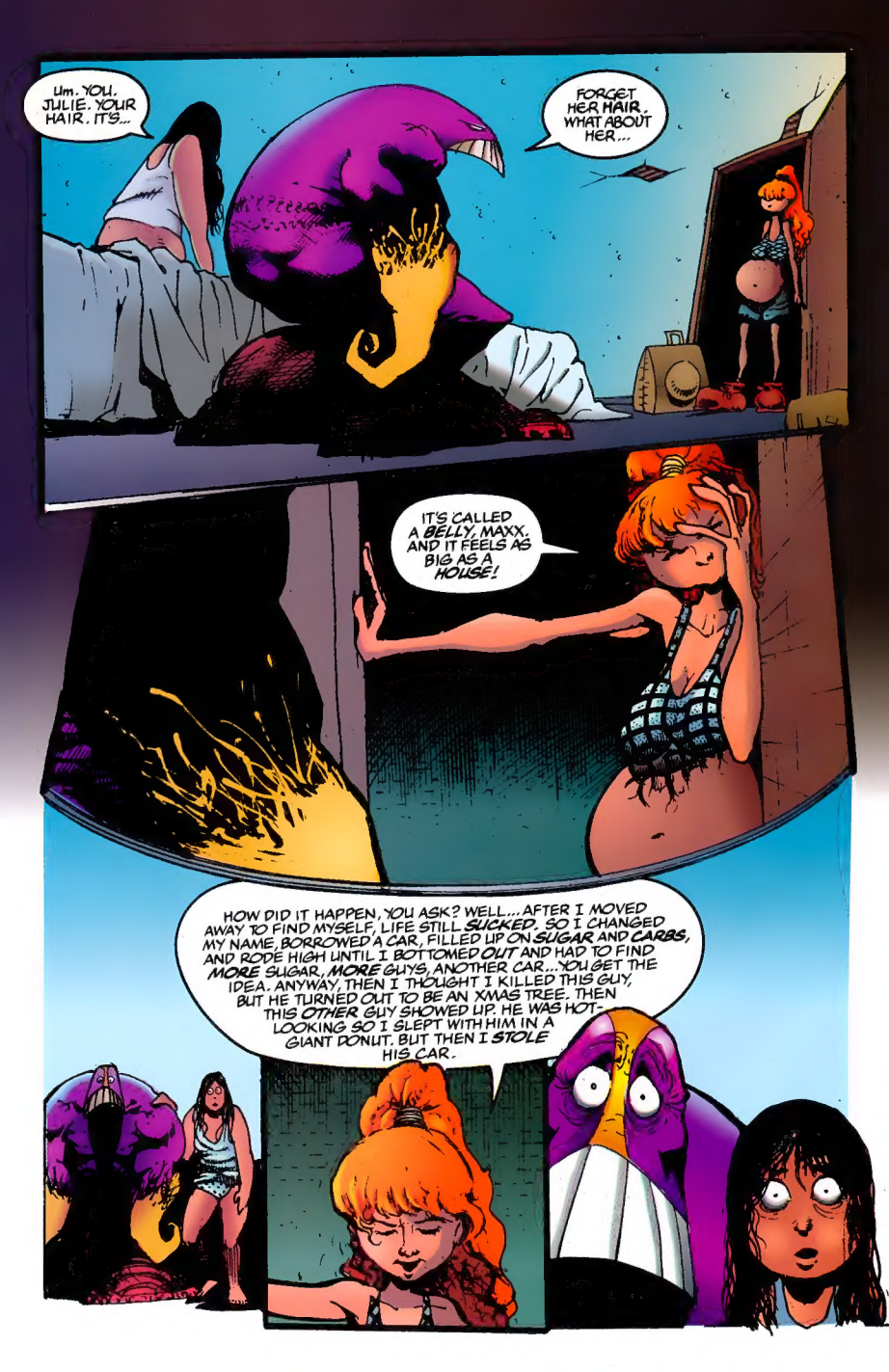
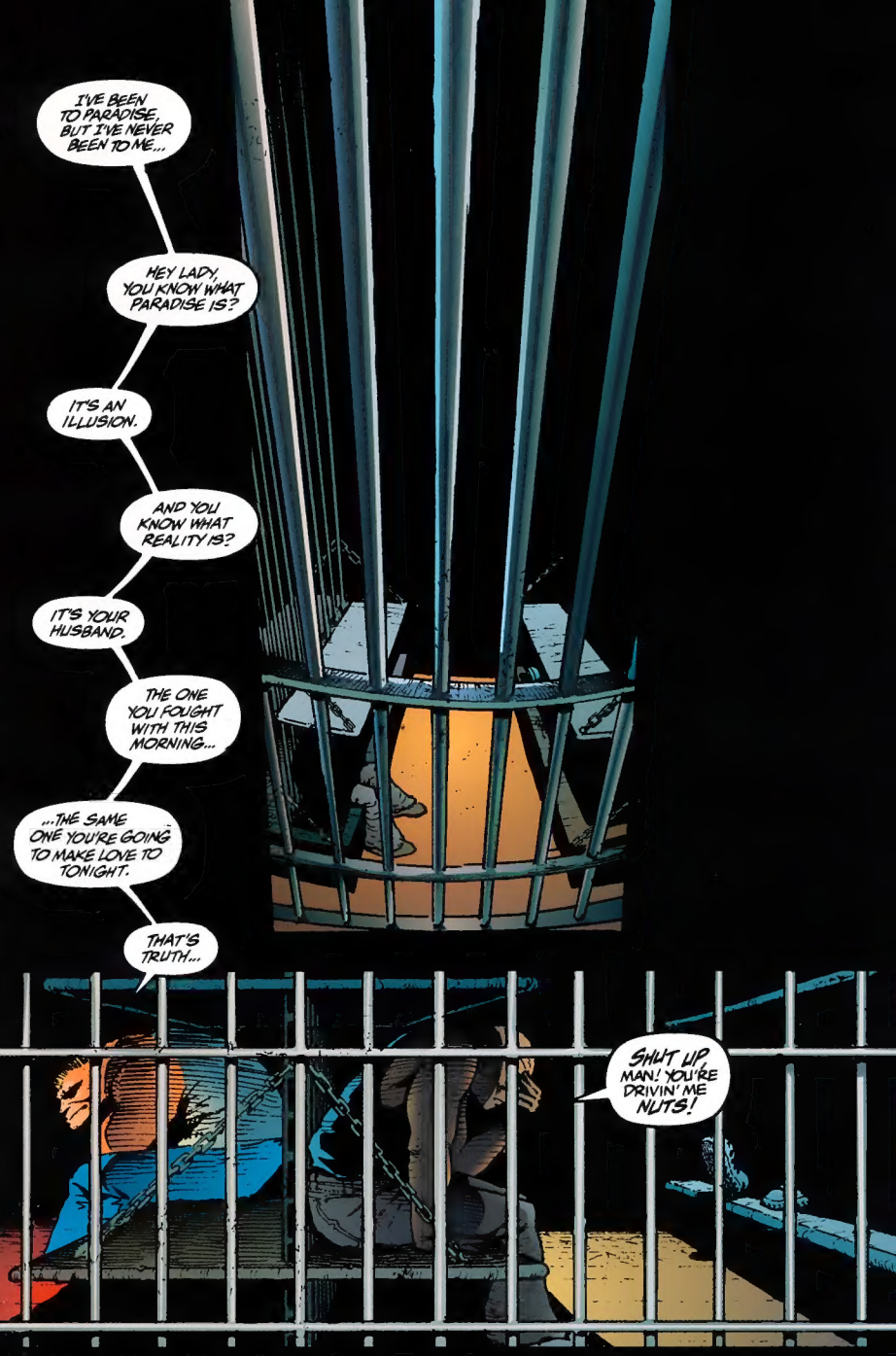
HOW COULD YOU?


Um. YOU, JULIE. YOUR HAIR. IT'S...
FORGET HER HAIR. WHAT ABOUT HER...
IT'S CALLED A BELLY, MAXX, AND IT FEELS AS BIG AS A HOUSE!
HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU ASK? WELL... AFTER I MOVED AWAY TO FIND MYSELF, LIFE STILL SUCKED. SO I CHANGED MY NAME, BORROWED A CAR, FILLED UP ON SUGAR AND CARBS, AND RODE HIGH UNTIL I BOTTOMED OUT AND HAD TO FIND MORE SUGAR, MORE GUYS, ANOTHER CAR... YOU GET THE IDEA. ANYWAY, THEN I THOUGHT I KILLED THIS GUY, BUT HE TURNED OUT TO BE AN XMAS TREE. THEN THIS OTHER GUY SHOWED UP. HE WAS HOT-LOOKING SO I SLEPT WITH HIM IN A GIANT DONUT. BUT THEN I STOLE HIS CAR.

I'M KNOCKED UP, ENCLIENTE, WITH CHILD. PREGGERS. ISN'T ANYONE GONNA SAY ANYTHING?
WE... err, WE WERE JUST SURPRISED IS ALL. WE JUST... ARE WE GONNA MEET THE DADDY?
WHO? OH, THE DONUT GUY? I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE'S THE SHARPSHOOTER, REALLY.
JRRR...
GEE, YOU DON'T EVEN... WELL, I GUESS, I MEAN, IT'S YOUR LIFE.
IT'S JUST IT SEEMS, WELL... KIND OF...
SLUTTY.
WHAT?
OUT!
I DON'T NEED THAT ANTEDILUVIAN CRAP, CERTAINLY NOT FROM YOU!

MAXX, WAIT!
CRACK!
STUPID!
STUPID!
STUPID!
STUPID!
DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY DREAM...?
DAMN. HE'S GONE.
SO, THAT WAS DRAMATIC.
YOU CAN'T JUST BREEZE BACK INTO HIS LIFE AND EXPECT HIM TO ACT LIKE NOTHING'S CHANGED.
YOU'RE HIS PROTECTOR NOW?
"I'M HIS FRIEND.
WHUMP!
"I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM HURT...
"AND THE ONE WHO MOSTLY HURTS HIM...
SLAM!
...IS YOU.


I'VE BEEN TO PARADISE, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME...
HEY LADY, YOU KNOW WHAT PARADISE IS?
IT'S AN ILLUSION.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT REALITY IS?
IT'S YOUR HUSBAND.
THE ONE YOU FOUGHT WITH THIS MORNING...
...THE SAME ONE YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE LOVE TO TONIGHT.
THAT'S TRUTH...
SHUT UP, MAN! YOU'RE DRIVIN' ME NUTS!

HEY MAN, THAT'S A FRIGGIN' GREAT SONG!
NOT WHEN YOU SING IT, IT AIN'T!
WHY DON'T YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, LIKE THIS HARMLESS LITTLE DUDE?
HARMLESS, MY ASS!
THERE'S A BUNCH O' THESE CREEPY LITTLE GUYS ALL OVER TOWN, IF YOU KNOW WHERE T' LOOK.
THEY LOOK HUMAN, BUT THEY'RE NOT.
SHUT UP!
...WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT?
THEY C'N CHANGE SHAPE... EAT THINGS... BUT IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, I MIGHT KNOW A WAY TO--
HEY...

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU BETTER HIDE, YOU LI'L MUTHA'...
JUST SHUT UP.

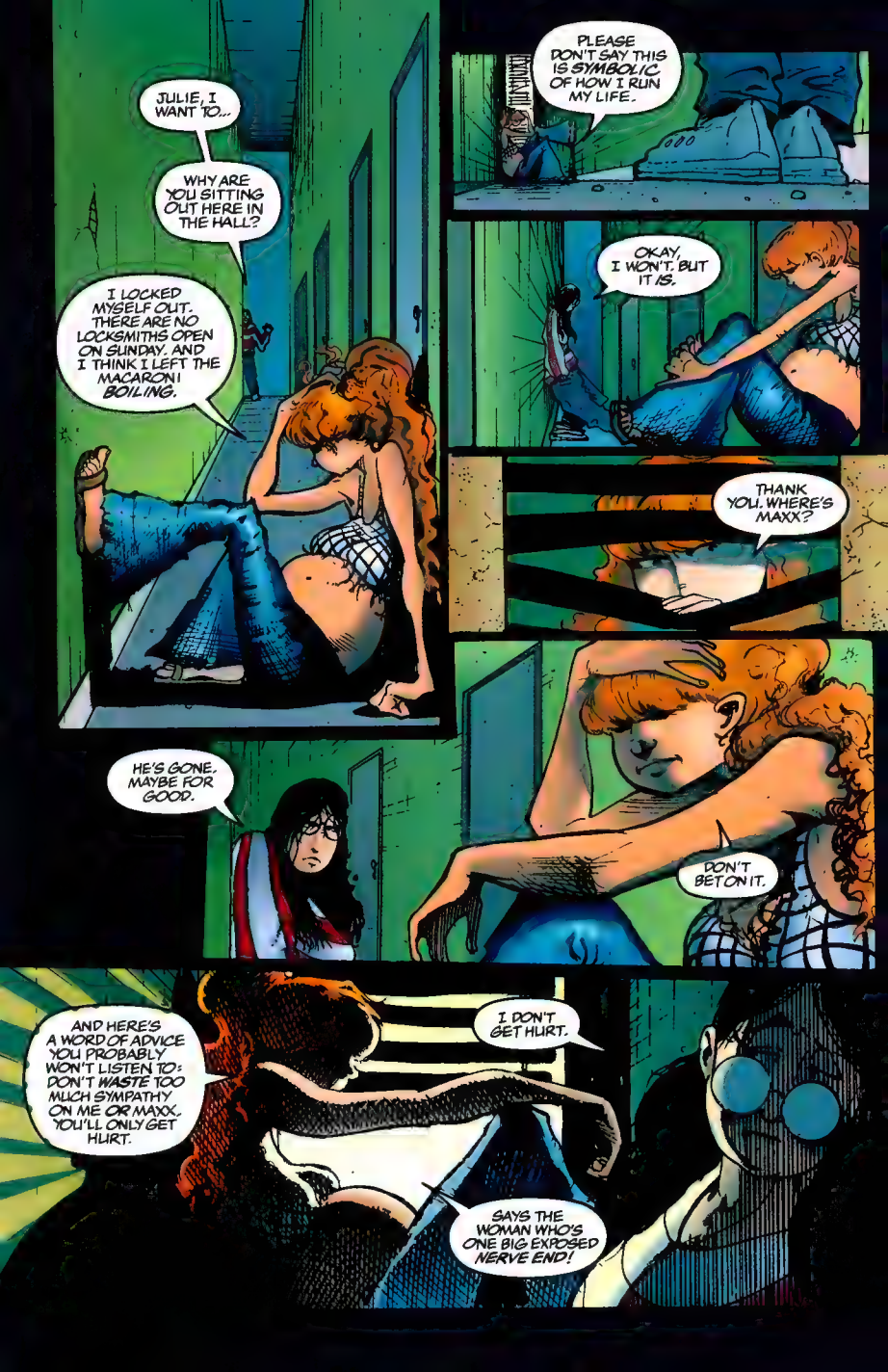
Sooner or later, you're gonna have to let your fears out of the jar.
Well, Julia's gone nuts...
And Maxx has run off someplace...
I guess I'll just sit here and listen to the confessions of my outlaw dad.
I've been putting it off, and it's not like I really CARE...
Still... hey, why isn't there any SOUND?
NO!
PLAY
REC
How could I DO that? How much did I record over?
...SPLIT THE TURNIP. WOW, HONEY, I NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THAT.
I GUESS NOW YOU CAN REALLY UNDERSTAND THE REST OF IT... ANYWAY, I WAS BORN IN OHIO...

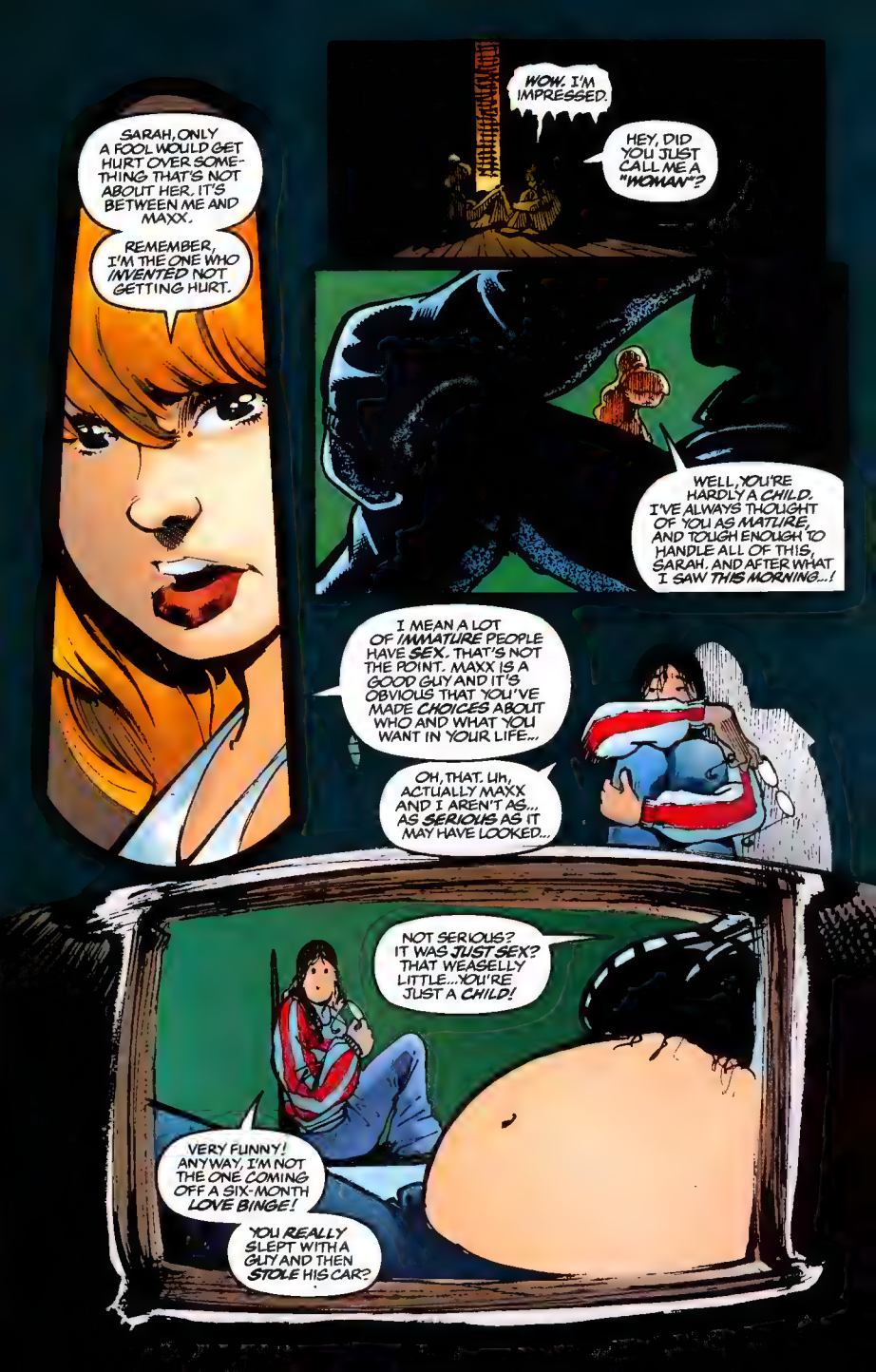
HEY, MAXX.
I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE. I CAN *HEAR* YOUR LABORED BREATHING!
LOOK, YOU *CAN'T* HIDE OUT *FOREVER*! YOU KNOW THAT. JULIE *NEEDS* US NOW.
OH, SURE. SHE ACTS TOUGH... SHE ACTS EXTREME...
WHAT AM I SAYING? SHE *IS* EXTREME! SHE QUIT HER JOB, QUIT *US*, COMMITTED CRIMES, USED GUYS LIKE WE USE *PARKING METERS*, GOT HERSELF *PREGNANT*...
AND YOU CAN'T TELL ME THAT WAS AN *ACCIDENT*, EITHER! NO-YIPPEE-SIREE! IT'S JUST ANOTHER ONE OF HER *HEAD GAMES* TO TEST US AND MAKE US CRAZY AND... AND...
WHERE WAS I?

OH, YEAH.
BUT WE CAN'T SHUT HER OUT. THERE'S THE BABY, FOR ONE THING. AND JULIA DOES NEED US.
SHE MAKES ME FURIOUS TOO. YOU CALLED HER A... A SLUT AND I CAN'T HELP IT, I SORT OF FEEL THAT WAY TOO.
THIS'LL BE ONE MORE THING I CAN BEAT MYSELF UP ABOUT.
IT'S NOT HIP AND I KNOW IT'S KINDA A DOUBLE STANDARD, BUT SHE'S NOT EVEN SORRY! I MEAN, ISN'T SHE SUPPOSED TO GROVEL A LITTLE AND APOLOGIZE TO US?
SAY SOMETHING, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
FINE! SHUT ME OUT TOO. OUR LIVES ARE FALLING APART HERE AND YOU DON'T EVEN CARE. SOME STINKIN' SUPER HERO YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!
AND NOW YOU MADE ME ANGRY. JUST GREAT.
-;MOAN;
SARAH, WAIT...
MUGGED...
GET... HELP...

SHAPE-CHANGERS. MAN. WHAT KINDA FOOL HE TAKE ME FOR?
FOOL'S SAYING I WON'T LAST ALL NIGHT...
HUH?

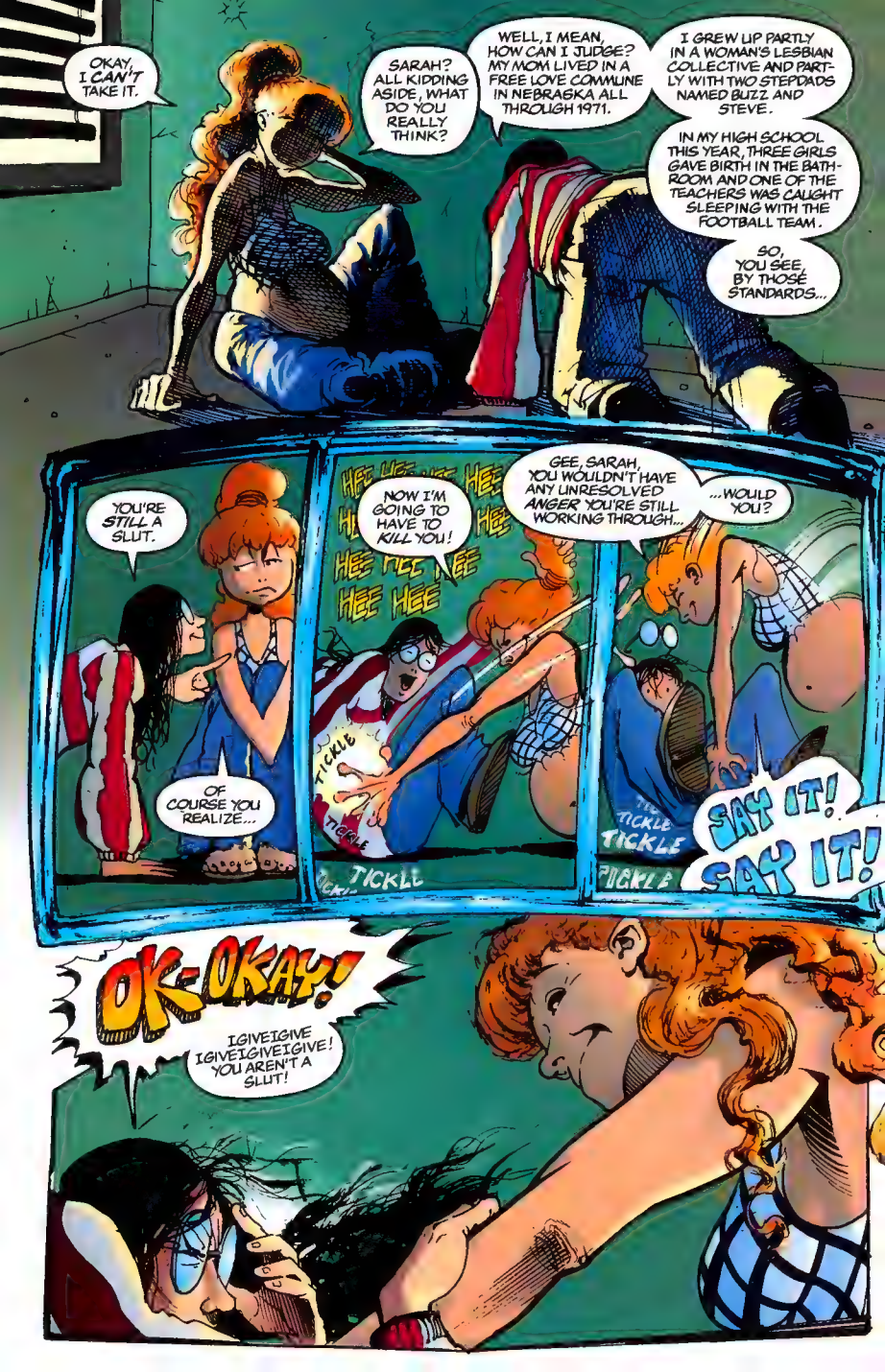
DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME, YOU LITTLE...
MESS YOU UP BAD...
YOU HEAR ME? YOU DON'T SCARE ME WORTH SH!T.
I TOLD YOU NOT TO FALL--
SHUT UP!
OKAY... TELL ME.
TOO LATE, LITTLE LADY.


JULIE, I WANT TO...
WHY ARE YOU SITTING OUT HERE IN THE HALL?
I LOCKED MYSELF OUT. THERE ARE NO LOCKSMITHS OPEN ON SUNDAY. AND I THINK I LEFT THE MACARONI BOILING.
PLEASE DON'T SAY THIS IS SYMBOLIC OF HOW I RUN MY LIFE.
OKAY, I WON'T. BUT IT IS.
THANK YOU. WHERE'S MAXX?
HE'S GONE. MAYBE FOR GOOD.
DON'T BET ON IT.
AND HERE'S A WORD OF ADVICE YOU PROBABLY WON'T LISTEN TO: DON'T WASTE TOO MUCH SYMPATHY ON ME OR MAXX. YOU'LL ONLY GET HURT.
I DON'T GET HURT.
SAYS THE WOMAN WHO'S ONE BIG EXPOSED NERVE END!


WOW. I'M IMPRESSED.
HEY, DID YOU JUST CALL ME A "WOMAN"?
SARAH, ONLY A FOOL WOULD GET HURT OVER SOMETHING THAT'S NOT ABOUT HER. IT'S BETWEEN ME AND MAXX.
REMEMBER, I'M THE ONE WHO *INVENTED* NOT GETTING HURT.
WELL, YOU'RE HARDLY A *CHILD*. I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF YOU AS *MATURE*, AND TOUGH ENOUGH TO HANDLE ALL OF THIS, SARAH. AND AFTER WHAT I SAW *THIS MORNING*...!
I MEAN A LOT OF *IMMATURE* PEOPLE HAVE *SEX*. THAT'S NOT THE POINT. MAXX IS A GOOD GUY AND IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU'VE MADE *CHOICES* ABOUT WHO AND WHAT YOU WANT IN YOUR LIFE...
OH, THAT. UH, ACTUALLY MAXX AND I AREN'T AS... AS *SERIOUS* AS IT MAY HAVE LOOKED...
NOT SERIOUS? IT WAS *JUST SEX*? THAT WEASELLY LITTLE...YOU'RE JUST A *CHILD*!
VERY FUNNY! ANYWAY, I'M NOT THE ONE COMING OFF A SIX-MONTH *LOVE BINGE*!
YOU *REALLY* SLEPT WITH A GUY AND THEN *STOLE* HIS CAR?

WELL, NOT STOLE. BORROWED.
I LEFT IT PLAIN AS DAY IN A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN IN ALTOONA, WITH HIS KEYS AND DRIVER'S LICENSE TAPED TO THE WINDSHIELD. I'M SURE HE GOT IT BACK.
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
heh heh
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LEFT US.

SO WHEN ARE YOU DUE?
ANOTHER MONTH, GIVE OR TAKE.
WELL... I GUESS I CAN'T STAY MAD AT YOU FOREVER.
YOU MEAN YOU'VE DECIDED TO "FORGIVE" ME FOR BEING A FALLEN WOMAN. LUCKY ME.
MAYBE I JUST DECIDED TO LIVE MY LIFE AND NOT CARE WHAT ANYBODY THINKS.
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, SERIOUSLY?
JUST SPIT IT OUT. I CAN TAKE IT. THE TRUTH.
SLUT.
BONK


OKAY, I CAN'T TAKE IT.
SARAH? ALL KIDDING ASIDE, WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK?
WELL, I MEAN, HOW CAN I JUDGE? MY MOM LIVED IN A FREE LOVE COMMUNE IN NEBRASKA ALL THROUGH 1971.
I GREW UP PARTLY IN A WOMAN'S LESBIAN COLLECTIVE AND PARTLY WITH TWO STEPDADS NAMED BUZZ AND STEVE.
IN MY HIGH SCHOOL THIS YEAR, THREE GIRLS GAVE BIRTH IN THE BATHROOM AND ONE OF THE TEACHERS WAS CAUGHT SLEEPING WITH THE FOOTBALL TEAM.
SO, YOU SEE, BY THOSE STANDARDS...
YOU'RE STILL A SLUT.
OF COURSE YOU REALIZE...
NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU!
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE
TICKLE TICKLE TICKLE
GEE, SARAH, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY UNRESOLVED ANGER YOU'RE STILL WORKING THROUGH...
...WOULD YOU?
TICKLE TICKLE TICKLE
SAY IT! SAY IT!
OK-OKAY!
IGIVEIGIVE IGIVEIGIVEIGIVE! YOU AREN'T A SLUT!

YES, I AM. AT LEAST, I *ACTED* SLUTTISH. NOBODY'S *PERFECT*. I'M A SLUT, MAXX IS A LUNEY-TOON, AND YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF A MASS MURDER--
OOPS. THAT DIDN'T COME OUT...
SARAH, WAIT.
DAMN.

GET Y'R TAIL IN THERE, MADDOG!
AND DON'T GET TOO COMFORTABLE ON THAT COT. THE LAST GUY IN HERE UP AN' DIED ON IT!
CLANG
DO YOU KNOW WHAT PARADISE IS...?

SARAH...
COME BACK...
MUGGED...
SO, THE THING IS... I'VE DRIVEN AWAY EVERYBODY WHO EVER CARED ABOUT ME. SARAH, MAXX, THE DONUT GUY. EVEN MY SHRINK HATES ME. :sigh:
WELL, KID, I GUESS IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.

THE MAXX trade paperback (Issues #1-6 plus Darker Image MAXX story) is on the stands as we speak. Check it out. Sometime in the future we'll collect the first 20 issues, plus Wiz 1/2 and everything else.

Heather Barnes of Tempe (among others) writes in to say that this is her second letter, not printed, and do we read 'em? The answers: Good, sorry, yes: keep writing, sorry we can't print 'em all, yes we do read 'em--every one! If you want to know what I think about the fans, see my interview in the latest issue of *Inside Image*.

Some Armature (see Issue 14) fans:

Dear Sam Kieth and Steve Oliff,

Armature looks wicked and he's quickly becoming one of my favorite characters. Is he going to have his own series? I hope so.

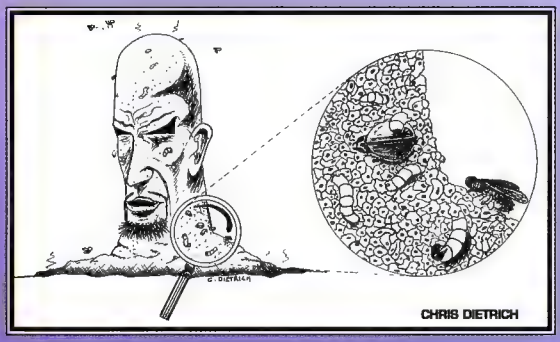
Chris P. Routt
Del City, OK

Dear Sam,

I loved the Armature dude by Steve Oliff. Will there be a series of 'em, or what?

Sean Lovely
Colorado Springs, CO

Steve is very serious about doing his own Armature comic; we'll let you know as soon as he coughs up enough pages to do that. Armature means a lot to Steve, and I'm sure he's grateful that people "get it."



Screw-ups for the month (maybe this oughtta be a feature):

(1) By the time you read this, Maxx will already have been on MTV, but NOT on the 27th (MTV decided not to compete with the Academy Awards). Look for Oddities on Mondays, Saturdays, and other assorted re-run times. There are plans to release cassettes--we'll let you know when we know something.

(2) Fan names misspelled in the last issue: Jim STANGE (not "Jim Strange") and ROBERT Robles (not "Ropber" Robles). Sorry, guys. Hey--at least we don't bury our corrections in tiny print on page 799!

Dear Mr. Kieth,

When isz die, do they become wasz?

Truly puzzled Maxx fan,
Curtis Bachek
Bayport, NY

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I want to tell you that your comic kicks ass. You have everything from original plots to realistic characters, but I've got one massive question. My teacher says that a person's drawing style and characters somehow resemble the artist, and that a person can only write from their own experiences. So my question is: if what my teacher says is true, what's up with you?!? I don't mean anything bad, I'm just curious. Thanks for your time.

Robbie Allen
Ardmore, OK

With me? With me? How about THIS?

Dear Sam,

"How can I bring him (Mr. Gone) back when his head is starting to rot?" Easy. If Mr. Gone's essence can survive in a decapitated and rotting head, then he should be able to transfer his spirit into that which is causing his head to rot (see aove illustration). He could mold (pun alert) the bacteria, maggots, worms and other such bugs which are eating him into a living-conglomerate-host-vessel. This would make him a more powerful villain since he could ooze under doors or through any small openings. Of course, as his own flesh was converted into bacteria and such, he would have to feed on dead meat. I picture

him absorbing the odd dead bird or squirrel that he finds as he oozes around.

Your fan,
Chris Dietrich

Another dilemma handily solved.

Dear Samnmaxx,

Here is the Lad Done Brilliant's list of ten ways to bring back Gone. Except that you can't because he's "GONE". Right?

1. Place said head in a tray of preservative juice which can then be either carried around by a Zombie or a Sex-ghost.
2. Remove brain and insert in a glass jar with plastic lips on it.
3. The head is really an Isz. Gone still lives!
4. How about grafting the head onto a man in a gorilla suit (with optional diving helmet)?
5. Whilst lying around an alley, the head is exposed to gamma radiation/bitten by a radioactive spider/healed by Spawn.
6. Julie comes out of the shower. . .
7. Head is fired out into space and crashes onto an unpopulated planet which has been chosen as a testing ground for a life-creating process.
8. One of those worms that passes on its intelligence when cut in half and fed to other worms eats the head and is cooked in Maxx's pasta.
9. Your fans are after a crossover with Sandman, and Morph can recreate the people of his realm with the wink of an I, right? So, Gone is kind of like a dream, as is Maxx, right? Are we detecting an idea here?
10. Give the rotting head its own four-frame strip. It works for David Lynch.

The choice is yours.

To the Maxx
Adrian Brown
London, England

"Sex-ghost?!?"

Dear Sam,

I found it highly ironic that in the same issue you vowed to stop using SEX as an attention-getting device, you have Julie return pregnant. And Maxx and Sarah in bed together.

Just an observation.
Sincerely,
Augie De Blieck Jr.

I lied.

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Hello. Well I just finished reading #14 for the tenth time and as psycho as things have been before, I must say that it's getting much worse. That's great, but I can't believe how everything is changing. I knew that "Jill" was really Julie. I thought it was pretty obvious by the way she spoke and the attitude she had. I'm just wondering if she did all the stealing and screwing to try to prove to herself that she didn't really need The Maxx or some other reason similar to that. I can't imagine why else she'd want to change. If that was the reason, then I fully understand. Sometimes when you try to convince yourself that you can make it without someone who is basically essential to your survival, you'll do nearly anything, and it will change you. If that's not the reason she did everything, then I just spilled my heart out over nothing. Nevertheless, I admire your work in this comic because the depth of this story is extremely hard to come by, and that is a quality I look for in nearly everything. Like everyone else who reads THE MAXX, I can't wait for the cartoon, and I'm also very happy that you've decided not to stop after Issue #20. Thank you for your time.

Julie Lamonica
Baton Rouge, LA

I spill my heart out every month, tortured artist that I am. Cool observations, Julie.

N. CRAIG OLSSON
Tampa, FL

JOSH MAURER
Falmouth, MA

Dear Sammypoo,

Nifty. Linc's a pretty nice guy, huh? I mean, I sure hope if I get my hand stuck in a stupid dimensional portal thing there's someone courteous enough to cut it off with a hacksaw. Hey, at least he didn't get something a bit more important stuck, right?

So, is every protector of the Queen of Some Kind of Weird Outback a crazy thing that calls it THE MAXX, or what? Do any of these guys have even the faintest notion of what sanity is?

Oh year, and where can I get one of those neato masks?

In the room.

Under the bed.

Listen:

Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

Coming from a cardboard box.

Bigger than a bread box.

What about the butter?

Bread and butter.

Bread and butter.

Bread and butter.

Toast.

Burnt toast.

Flaking crust.

No good.

Throw it out.

Put it in a box.

A cardboard box.

Feed it to the rabbit.

Under the bed.

Listen:

Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

Come play with me, purple bunny.

I have some pez for you.

A. Dumin
Hoover, Al

One of those'd made a way better Halloween costume than dressing up as a brownie girl scout. And Sammy, how come there are only disturbed women and girls that need an outback and a protector? You're not being sexist, are you? I must assume that there are indeed some guys in your screwed up comic world that have a huge Roseanne in a mask to scare any intruders out of their outback. That's a much better thought than that you are portraying women as helpless and in need of a strong male to protect them, isn't it? (And besides, Roseanne scares me more than The Maxx's ugly mug could any day.)

Thankee much,
Ben Cauchon, teenage weirdo
Can't Remember Where, CA

(Brownie girl scout? And I'M disturbed?) Anyway, how come my male characters are all weak, too? ALL the people in THE MAXX are weak--I don't see a single self-sufficient person in Maxx that doesn't need a protector. (Actually, I thought that was the point. . .)

Hey Sam,
Admit it. You really have no idea what the hell is going on in THE MAXX, do you?

Sincerely,
Michael Hoover
Lubbock, TX

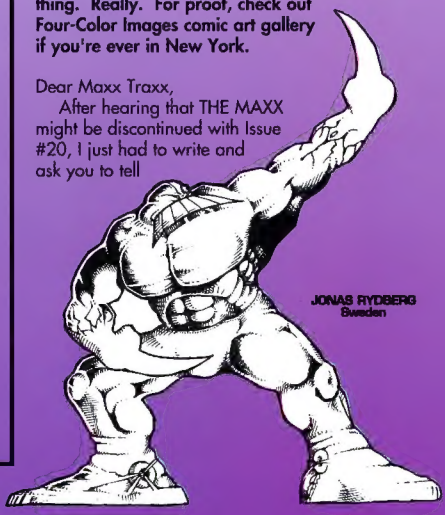
I can't believe it's taken you this long to figure that out!

Dear Sam,
Please print something about the positive influence of comics or something so my mom can see.

Sarah Heacox
Terre Haute, IN

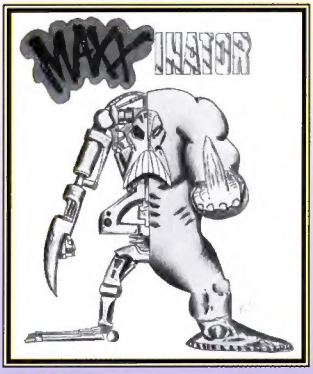
OK--Comics are a positive influence. . .or something. Really. For proof, check out Four-Color Images comic art gallery if you're ever in New York.

Dear Maxx Traxx,
After hearing that THE MAXX might be discontinued with Issue #20, I just had to write and ask you to tell



me it ain't so. THE MAXX is one of the few comics around to take a truly different approach to the portrayal of a superhero. The development of your characters is intricate and continual. Most importantly, I have fun reading THE MAXX--it constantly surprises me. I'd really hate to lose that experience. Until Mr. Gone becomes Mr. Here, please continue to give us readers the Maxximum reading experience.

Sincerely yours,
N. Craig Olsson
Tampa, FL



KEVIN SKUBISZ
Cordova, TN

Please, oh please, oh please don't stop at #20. I like THE MAXX and I will be SAD when you stop it. Please don't stop. Unless you want to.

David Grossman
Albany, CA

THE MAXX will continue. I need things to change but I also need them to stay the same, if that makes any sense, and I think I found a way to do both starting with Issue #21.

Dear Sam,

I have an interpretation that nobody has seemed to realize, so I guess I'll be the one to write into MAXX TRAXX and tell everyone what I think.

Everyone has assumed that because Mr. Gone and Sarah's Dad look exactly alike, they are the same person. Of course, being fans of THE MAXX, we all know that what you see is not always what is real. I think these two characters are two different people. Sarah's Dad is dead (in the real world) so he could not have appeared as Mr. Gone (in the real world). My guess is that Mr. Gone is Julie's truth, and he just happens to look like Sarah's Dad. Why, you may ask? Because Sarah's Dad must be the man that raped her and forced Julie's outback into existence.

Julie is denying her truth, and every time Mr. Gone tries to tell her, she cuts off his head. The reason his head is rotting is because she is coming to terms with what is real, so Mr. Gone is not needed anymore. Jill (Oops, I mean Julie) is learning to have sex for the pleasure of it, something that was made impossible by Sarah's Dad. Why did Julie run away? I think she needed some time to herself to come to terms with everything. Now that Julie thinks she is better, she has returned. Is it the time now to concentrate on the other characters? Who was Maxx before he found the mask? Has Sarah come to terms with everything her dad did to her (I think not)? I hope these questions will be answered in the next couple of Maxx issues. If not, I will make up an ending myself, so there.

Love and friendship,
Ed Porter
Veazie, ME

Don't get out your pencil yet, Ed. Your letter's a most logical, well-thought-out analysis of why Mr. Gone is NOT Sarah's dad. Unfortunately, it's wrong (no offense. . .)

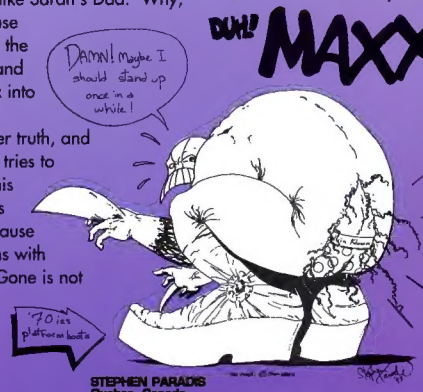
Dear Sam,

Hello there, monkey-boy. I just put down #14 and, with a sigh of comprehension, I stroked my chin in a way similar to what Holmes might do after learning an important clue.

Excellent! You have woven together a loose-knit, free-flowing dialogue and mythos that has me interested and anxious. I always look forward to the next issue while still reading the first! I think the panels you hand-painted, whether scribbled with a white-out pen or rendered with a brush, are Chocaletey.

It was a TREMENDOUS pleasure to work with you on the cartoon--as well as at Rough Draft--and I predict HUGE success. You are on your way to a sleazy life in Hollywood--Strange agents taking you to weird coffee houses to discuss lead casting for the Maxx feature--James Dean Conklin MTV Animation Department.

From your mouth to God's ears,
James Dean.



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